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VERMONT PHENIX.

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For the Vermont Phoenix.
MORNING.

Forth-coming from her orient bed,
Amber now peeps forth her head,
And streaks the east with rosy light,
While still she recedes the shadow of night.

The lark the ruddy dawn descries,
And, mounting with the azure skies,
Uphears the dew-drenched winged
Swarms of melody and merriment.

The feathered choir, that all night long
Had ceased to pour their lovely song,
Now, at the approach of rising day,
Do briskly chant the matin lay.

Now chattering the swain alarms,
Who quickly starts from Morpheus' arms,
And to the fields he hies with haste,
The lark's breath of morn to taste.

Rehob, in eastern regions far,
Said mounting his reluctant car,
And lo! he saw the gates of day,
Thus opening wide the gates of day.

RURAL BARD.

From the Boston Herald.

KIDD'S ISLAND.

What Arcadian, what Elysian ground
Amidst the waves and whirlwind feelings found—
Marching to the ocean, or more zeal
Than the regions, faring stranger feel
That next to home, here best may be abode,
To rest and cheer him by the chimney side—
Think the hale farmer's elder as he hears
From the gray dame the tales of other years—
Cracking his shagbark as the aged croon,
Telling the tales that these will take to mean,
Telling how the Indian scalped the helpless child,
And how the shrieking mother to the wild—
Believed the father listening to his home,
Seeking his cottage, finding but his tomb—
How drums and flags and troops were seen on high,
Whispering and charging in the Northern sky,
And that the knew what these will take to mean,
When to the old French war his husband went—
How by the thunder-blasted tree was hid
The golden spoils of far-famed Robert Kidd,
Bravard's Connecticut River.

There is no part of New England that is
pleasant to the traveller, in every respect,
the Valley of the Connecticut. From the
valley of that noble stream to its head, there
every possible kind of scenery that can di-
rectly attract and delight the eye. But
most pleasant of all, we think, will be
seen in Massachusetts. Whoever travels
through this section of country, in any sea-
son, will not want variety; it is entirely de-
void of that monotony which is the poison
of enjoyment. The long range of fertile
land, that rise on each side of the stream,
and that from every thing unpleasant. One
can easily fancy this valley an earthly
Eden. The many beautiful dwellings
and the prospect on every side may
be converted into palaces of the blessed,
the beautiful and majestic Connecticut
be imagined to be a river of life, 'whose
waters are as clear as crystal.'

There is also connected with the beautiful
every and pleasant villages, many endear-
ing and interesting associations to a person
feeling, who is conversant with the his-
tory of his country. The traveller through
this valley to the frozen regions of the North
hardly emerge from the 'land of steady
beats' and the country of the 'blue laws',
the towering summit of Holyoke greets
right; this natural monument of the
ages now passed—of the early ages of
times, when our fathers, who lived in
forest and on Connecticut's fertile me-
ans, looked up to that as something which
could begeth to their children un-
derneath for centuries to come, aside from a
burning with pure devotion and love
which beat within the bosom of
pilgrim, ere the first blow was struck to
the majestic tree of the forest. That
moment has stood unchanged, a silent
relic of Time's doings within the sphere
of prospect. There it stood hundreds
years ago, when the stream at its foot
was as beautifully as now—when not a
cloud was cleared, nor a civilized smoke
drifted from the happy fires of men who
lived in the land, who were blessed with the
fruits of education, and could work
wonders that sprung up in after times
the enchantment of a fairy hand; but
it stood when the dark wilderness
beneath like waves on the sea—when
the wigwams of the Indian were hid beneath
the shade of the tall pine—when the smoke
of the council fires ascended up with the
jell of savages—when the majestic
covered the surface of our villages—
the wild vine flourished over the soil
our frequent walks—when nought but
the men trod our then unformed roads—
no flocks but the deer, and the wolf,
the panther, roamed upon our now beau-
tiful hills. Thus it was once in this thickly
wooded section. Now how changed!—
changed but yonder mount, clothed now
when the savage chased his game upon
side, or lurked in his hidden places—with
some dark and woody garment.

As you advance, traveller, behold upon
the left, Northampton with its many dwell-
ings, and the spires of its public buildings
glimmering in the light of day; it seems like a
field covered with the white flocks
of swans. Here upon your right is
Brattleboro, a beautiful village, indeed—the
seat of one of New England's most flour-
ishing literary institutions. Pause, travel-
ler, could that site, where you see yonder
edifices flashing beneath the glance
of the sun, ever be but a solitary hill in 'wild

swamp,' where the fiercest of game sported
upon its top, and where the savage only
rested in the chase, or struck up his forest
fire to repose beside at night to resume the
hunt again at dawn? Here immediately be-
fore you is Hadley, the renowned in the In-
dian wars. Turn to the pages of your mem-
ory and revive the scenes that have been en-
acted on its fertile meadows—on its sandy
plains of pine—in its wide and beautiful
streets—on the broad and smiling Connecti-
cut. Bid adieu to Holyoke and Mount
Warner, and the beautiful villages that sleep
at their feet, and cast one look at Sugar
Loaf as you pass. Now you are in the vil-
lage of Bloody Brook, on the ground which
the brave Captain Lathrop and his men
fought and died upon—yes, upon the soil
that was drenched with their blood, and be-
neath which their decayed bones are rest-
ing, while every tongue above their grave
is eloquent with their praise. Next we shall
arrive at Danfield. This town, you recollect,
was burned by the Indians nearly a
century and a half ago; but there you will
see, just back of that brick church, a house
that alone was preserved through the conflag-
ration, and still stands to tell the tales of
other days. Greenfield, which you see yon-
der between the hills, is another of those
pleasant villages which thickly gem the
banks of the Connecticut. From this place
we will pass into Brattleboro, a very rich,
agricultural town, where we shall find quite
different scenery. You see the hills begin
to grow frequent, and as you advance to the
North, larger and higher. Though far dif-
ferent in every feature, the prospect here can-
not fall much short in beauty to most of
those towns we have passed. You have
now travelled far enough, and are weary
enough for refreshment. Mr. Cushman keeps
the best country hotel within the extent of
many miles—refresh yourself here, by all
means. Seat yourself down to one of my
landlord's best dinners while I refresh my
memory, and when repose is satisfied, we
will pass over to Gill, where we must part
when I have told my tale. If you like,
from this town you can pass into Northfield,
thence to Brattleboro, through Hinsdale
—all very pretty villages, well worth the
traveller's while to visit them. Here recall
the words of our beautiful poet Brainerd—
recall, if you can, some half forgotten tale
of Captain Kidd and his money working
wonders; when I have finished, as you
cross the river to Northfield, cast one look
down the stream upon Kidd's Island.

It was in the beautiful days of June that
Robert Kidd and Miles Braddish launched
their Indian canoe on the Connecticut from
its banks at Saybrook. The time was a
joyous one, and but for the ragings of re-
morse within the bosoms of the companions,
they could have been delighted with their
voyage up this beautiful stream. But trans-
gression produces bitter fruits—and he that
violates the laws of his conscience must shut
his eyes to the beauties of nature, and close
his ears to the music of its melody. Kidd
and his companion only strove to smother
the reproving principle within by plunging
deeper and deeper into vice. The trees on
the river banks were clothed with vegeta-
tion's fairest garb. The sun arose at morn
to smile upon the earth and glory in the
beauty its presence gave—and all beneath
its sight rejoiced in the approval of its Ma-
ker. How different from the polluted ad-
venturers in the boat! With hands stained
with the blood of fellow-beings, and their lit-
tle craft loaded with ill-gotten treasures,
could they have expected that success would
attend their journey? But the sun shines,
the rain falls, the earth produces its fruits as
well for the blood-stained pirate as for the
honest, humble tiller of the earth.

Many a beautiful island was passed—many
a smiling village they beheld on their way.
The river's rapids and falls were
passed, as the Indian shuns them, when he
journeys up the stream. Kidd and his com-
panion at last drew near the point of their
destination, but not till the sun had set, and
the moon was careering among the broken
fragments of the black and drifting clouds.
They drew up their bark canoe upon the
beach of an island that rests upon the bosom
of the broad Connecticut, a hundred and
fifty miles from its mouth. A long and
gleaming knife was thrown upon the sand—
iron boxes, filled with the gold of foreign
nations, were thrown heavily upon the pebbles,
and the little bark soon followed—
Kidd and his companion then seated them-
selves upon the grass but a few feet off.

'The devil is indeed our friend,' said Kidd,
pointing to a little skiff, rowed playfully
along a few rods from them upon the waters.
'Hush,' said Braddish. 'Are you sure
that his Satanic sir—are there not two?'
'Did this hand ever commit the gold to
its rest but a watch was set to guard it?
Kneel down, let them land.'

The skiff touched the shore but a few
feet from where Kidd and his companion
lay concealed.
'Mary, my love,' said the youth, as he
stepped from the boat, 'stay here a moment
while I run and pick the flowers.'
'Now is our time,' said Kidd. In a mo-
ment, and ere the maid could cry out, her
voice was smothered by the thick scarf of
Kidd, forced roughly into her mouth. She
struggled, but struggled in vain; and before
her lover returned she was borne away by
Braddish.

The unconscious lover returned—but not
to find his Mary. He raised his voice in
vain—in vain he roamed the island—in vain
he repeated the lovely name of his betrothed;
only the far off woods resounded, Mary.
'Where art thou—where?' he exclaimed,
and threw himself into the boat in despair,
and half distracted.

Braddish had laid his fainting victim in
the bottom of the canoe, the knife and the
iron boxes were laid silently back to their

places, and Kidd shoved the bark from the
beach to drop noiselessly down the stream.
Soon they heard the call for Mary—but
Mary lay insensible upon the resting oars
of the pirate. And as their boat moved sig-
nificantly with the current down, they heard
the lover row his skill to the shore and
draw it upon the sand—they saw him pass
slowly over the hill, as they were concealed
in the shadows of the tall trees upon the
opposite shore.

'Now, Braddish,' said Kidd, 'pull as
though you chased the richest ship that ever
crossed the seas. He'll be back soon with
many more; a lover is not so ready to give
up his mistress. Pull on, and let the water
take the curses for this. Up—up the stream
—pass the island. We'll soon find another.'

The canoe was propelled swiftly up the
stream under the shadow of the right shore,
and ere the lover with his friends returned
to seek the lost one, Kidd and Braddish were
gliding leisurely along, secure from all li-
ability of being discovered.

A few miles' rowing brought them to an-
other island, far more beautiful than the for-
mer. Here the same scene of unloading
was again enacted, with addition of the pre-
cious burden that Kidd carried to the green
upon the high land.

The fears and the anxiety of fair Mary
cannot now be depicted—she can only know
her own feelings and her own sorrows.—
The two retired a few paces to confer to-
gether, and the scene that followed only re-
vealed its nature to the desponding girl.
Their conference ended, they seized their
spades, and a few feet from the almost in-
sensible Mary, she saw those demons dig-
ging the grave that was destined to be her
resting place until the dawn of a better day.
Hours passed and still they kept their dig-
ging. The stars which had shone brightly
when poor Mary left her home, were veiled
by the clouds, as if afraid to witness the
crime of that night. Reason, almost eclipsed
by the horror of the scene, only claimed its
sway at alternate periods, and then the sound
of the spades in the coarse gravel, and its
grating as it fell upon the pile beside her,
warned her that she had but a few moments
left. The digging ceased—then broke the
moon from out the clouds and shone bright-
ly upon the scene around, and cast a heav-
enly glow upon her snow white cheeks.
The fearful knife lay glittering upon the
sandy beach before her, and the lucid waves,
stirred by a Southern breeze, went rolling
on as if fleeing from her presence, except
the few that came mournfully up the beach.
She saw them bring their treasures from the
boat and throw them into her grave as the
wind sighed sadly through the neighboring
trees, and then she saw them bring the hor-
rid knife.

Kidd gave the death blow. Life but feebly
struggled in the grasp of those abandoned
men; the blood gushed from the gash like
the bursting forth of a fountain, pouring it-
self into her grave, and crimsoning her gold-
en locks and the robe that encircled her
fragile form. The moon then sank behind the
Western hills, and its last beams reflected
on the murderer's knife, slowly dropping
the adhering blood as it hung from Kidd's
right hand, while his left was steeping in
the wound the blade had made in the poor
girl's throat. Death, a fairer victim than
those seldom seen!

The victim—the victim's blood—and the
murderer's knife—with Kidd's ill-gotten
treasures, were buried in one grave.

Such was the tradition that gave name to
Kidd's Island—and thus was the tale re-
ported in its vicinity.

The struggle of our country for Inde-
pendence had closed, and many a weary,
worn out soldier was cast destitute upon the
wide world—his little property expended in
the cause of liberty. The home of the sol-
dier had gone to desolation; those that had
families found them scattered, and in many
instances more wretched than themselves.
'The war had been a long one, and in that
time men thought of nought but the sunny
days of liberty when they should be gained
—when he, with his own household, should
eat and drink the fruits of his own labors and
enjoy the life his Maker gave, beholden to
no one, and with no one to molest. That
independence for which he had long striven,
he had now gained; he had fought many
years, feeding upon the pious produce of a
desolated country, and wearing out the little
property he had collected under the hard
hand of tyranny, to clothe his own, and his
wife's, and his children's persons from na-
kedness, and now was cast aside by the au-
thority which had supported him, even to a
worse situation than when nearly naked and
starved on the battle field, with nought to
support his weary nature but the liberty he
had fought for and the soil of his beloved
country. This was the lot of far too many
of those to whom we now owe what we prize
most upon earth. Thus many were left,
with hearts hardened by familiarity with
blood, to plunder for their scanty needs;
and many less depraved brought cunning
and artifice to aid them to get what the laws
of nature tell us all mankind have an abso-
lute right to.

Such was the situation of the soldier at
the close of the revolutionary war—and such
was the situation of Dorrell. He had seen
the last of his earthly connexions expire up-
on the battle field—he owned nought of the
soil that was now blessed with the sun of
liberty. When the army was disbanded, he
went forth without money, without bread,
and without clothing, with his nation in-
debted to him for a seven years' service.
We lose sight of him from this time for-
ward, until we find him several years after
in the vicinity of G—, in the State of
Massachusetts—still ragged—still oppressed
with famine.

It was a cold morning of Autumn. Dor-
rell had just crawled from an almost ruined
barn, where he had sheltered himself in
part from the frost of the night in the straw
and litter of the bay. He was without shoes,
with barely sufficient clothes on his person
to say he was not naked. Why was Dor-
rell in such a situation, it might be asked, in
this land of freedom and equal rights? Any
man of health, it is urged, can work and
maintain himself in a style sufficiently well
for any person whatever. In reply, we
would say that we are full as incompetent to
answer the question as the inquirer. Such
has been the fact, and such is the fact; our
own eyes can testify to the many strolling
vagrabonds who roam the land, and it would
seem, might be well off if they depended upon
the labor of their own hands.

Dorrell entered a blacksmith's shop just as
Bolton had blown up a hot fire upon his
forge, and requested permission to warm his
benumbed limbs. Such a request of course
could not be denied. Bolton looked at his
guest—if he may be thus styled—and thought
he saw something there not uncongenial
with his own spirit. Dorrell watched the
blacksmith as he forged his horse nails,
though not the first time he had witnessed
such a feat, yet he was peculiarly struck
with his performance. He related his ad-
ventures to Bolton's listening ears—becom-
ing his present destination to one whom he
thought heard with some sense of feeling;
and the longer he staid the more he per-
ceived the blacksmith was pleased with his
company. Thus our adventurer in a very
short time became as intimate with the man
of the forge as though he had known him of
old. The long and the short of the matter
is, that Dorrell, weary, homeless and home-
less as he had been, desired to try his for-
tune at the anvil. He had seen enough of
adventure, enough of danger, enough of
hardships. He longed to have a home—
and even at this late day, the thought entered
his mind to learn the trade of working iron.

All this met the decided approbation of Bol-
ton himself, who willingly offered to take
him as an apprentice, and, considering his
age, would treat him more as a journey-
man than a boy. Thus he entered the shop
a poor wandering vagabond, and came out
an 'entered apprentice' to the trade—in the
short space of an hour or two, metamorphosed
from a soldier to a blacksmith.

The true character of Bolton and his ap-
prentice remained not long concealed from
each other. All the restraint common to
the master over his charge was, as it should
be, thrown off; and Dorrell was considered
by himself, and by Bolton also, fully equal
in many respects to the master in whose
shop he had learned the art of hammering
nails. So tractable did Dorrell prove, that
in a very short time he was enabled to do
his work, in the common branches, as well
as any ordinary workman, which served in
a great measure to impress upon Bolton the
consciousness of his possessing more talent
than usually falls to the lot of man to pos-
sess. Dorrell had as yet secluded himself
from observation as much as possible, shun-
ning the inhabitants at all times, and for
what reason can only be conjectured. It
was certain he had something under consid-
eration, which as yet he had not revealed to
his only familiar companion.

'I have finally concluded,' said Dorrell to
the blacksmith one morning, 'that 'tis not
best for me to hammer nails for a living,
at least, not till I am obliged to. I don't think
it well for me to anticipate getting into the
limbo. As I have got an insight into the
trade, the authorities can't complain if I
don't go any further, should they get me into
their clutches,' continued he, smiling.

Bolton, from Dorrell's manner of expres-
sion, concluding he had got a project in his
head which, should it fail, would undoubt-
edly carry him to the state's prison, replied—
'If you are determined, then, to leave me,
as you have a right to do, I warn you to be-
ware—and as a friend I caution you—in
the first place, don't make yourself liable,'
which was said in a manner that meant no
more than was intended.

'No need of caution,' replied Dorrell, in
that self-conceit which rogues always have.
'As to leaving you entirely, I don't intend,
but calculate to make you a party concerned.
As to making myself amenable to the law, I
shant, no more than you do hammering
here; not if we have just laws here, which
will allow one to make as much money as
he wishes in an honest way.'

The demon of avarice roused itself in the
bosom of Bolton at the mentioning of a
change to better his pecuniary condition.
And as there was no law to be violated, he
listened with a willing ear and an anxious
heart to whatever might be suggested.

Let it be understood that neither Bolton or
Dorrell had any scruples about trespassing
upon the law, if they could do it safely and
make money by the means. That avarice
was the most predominant feeling in Bolton's
bosom, cannot be denied. That Dorrell pos-
sessed more talent, had seen more of the
world, and was better qualified for a sharper
than Bolton, is evident. The most predom-
inant passion, perhaps, in Dorrell, was the
love of ease. He did not care so much
about making himself rich as he did to have
a plenty, that he might be profuse and oc-
casionally a little rustic, and roughish, perhaps,
when it suited his notion.

'It is,' continued Dorrell, 'of the most im-
portance to a man who wishes to be success-
ful in life, for him to understand human na-
ture. Now, in the present age, superstition,
connected with religion, in the generality of
people, is the most palpable qualification.
And whatever you can get to work upon
their superstition, under the garb of religion,
will be most successful, let one turn it to
what purpose he chooses. Only keep the
design hid—only get the substance, and you
can do what you please. My plan is to
make the people support me; they own
these fertile meadows and the rich lands

around us, and they can well afford to sup-
port another preacher from their produce.'

The anxious looks of Bolton, who all the
while stood leaning over the anvil, with his
hammer in hand and letting his iron cool,
relaxed into a smile, probably at contempla-
ting the impious Dorrell, in the sacred desk,
holding forth in the most solemn manner to
his hearers on the all important considera-
tion of eternity. At the next thought he evi-
dently felt a little chagrined at the result,
for he could not easily see how he was to
be made a party concerned so as to be ben-
efited.

Dorrell then explained his whole plan to
Bolton, who seemed not a little pleased at
the project, yet he could not conceal his fears
lest it should not succeed, and exclaimed—
'Why, do you think the people are such
fools?'

'Certainly I do,' replied Dorrell.
'But they won't hear you.'
'How can they help it? They've got ears
that will hear.'

'Yes, but the trouble is to begin—your
doctrine, you see, is new—nobody ever heard
of it before.'

'So much the better—novelty has charms.
They would be as eager to hear me preach
as they would to see a bear.'

'And believe you as much, and have as
much to do with you,' observed Bolton,
turning over and raising his iron.

'All leave that to me, friend Bolton—
leave all to me. Continue your hammering
till the people are interested in my religion,
then come out, a zealous convert. 'Twill
work—'twill work, I tell you; believe me
for once, 'twill work.'

'I hope it will,' said Bolton, turning to his
forge with cold iron. 'Tis well enough
to try.'

'So it is, and I'll do it. Let no one know
you have seen me—keep dark till the time
comes,' said Dorrell as he left the shop.

Rumor, with her thousand and one tongues,
asserted throughout a wide section of coun-
try, that a certain strange preacher—who
certainly was blessed with the spirit of coun-
ning, if with no other—was doing wonder-
ful works by the way of religion in the sev-
eral towns near the North line of the state.
Crowds from a distance flocked to hear this
wonderful man. The doctrines he taught
were as new as the manner and success of
the preacher. He pretended to have the
gift of foresight, and could tell the destiny
of any person who believed in him. The
events of the past came from the dim caverns
of oblivion to his sight, like the mid-day sun
upon the breast of the earth. He asserted
that he himself was a prophet—that he was
born to live upon the earth until the millen-
nium should cease, and that at his birth it had
begun to dawn. His followers were con-
gregating themselves into one body and liv-
ing in common, very much after the plan
of the Shakers. They were instructed to go
without many of the implements of common
life, as being unnatural and unholy; and
among which the use of leather in all cases
was forbidden, and cloth took its place for
many purposes.

At a certain time, when Dorrell and his
followers had collected at the usual place
of meeting, after he had made a display
of his wonderful faculties in working mir-
acles and foretelling future events, he was ad-
dressed by a middle aged stranger, who in-
quired—

'Sir, if you have the faculty of telling,
may I inquire of you relative to certain treas-
ures said to be buried in this vicinity by
one Captain Kidd? If there are any, they
ought not to be lost to mankind. There are
an immense number of people to whom they
would now be a blessing.'

'Mortal,' exclaimed Dorrell—'for I per-
ceive thou hast not joined our body—canst
thou believe that anything is hid from me? I
dost thou think that even the treasures of
the earth are unknown to one who is before
you the prophet of the Most High, to whom
all things are revealed? Mortal, thy thoughts
should be upon the welfare of thy soul, ere
they seek for worldly riches. Dost thou
believe in our doctrine? Art thou willing to
be enrolled in the list of the saints on earth?'

'Most assuredly, sir. The welfare of thy
flock—which I may now call our flock—is
my heart's greatest desire. Thy doctrine
and thy usages are well known to me. I
surrender all for the common good.'

'Thy Maker be praised! Let us return
thanks that another soul is saved; that it
may be recorded above as well as here.'

Thus was the stranger initiated into the
band of the Dorrellites.

'Now,' resumed Dorrell after the prayer,
'thy desires can be attended to. Wouldst
thou know of the hidden treasures?'

'I would, sir—I would that the precise
spot be pointed out, that they may be pro-
cured for the use of our good cause.'

'Thy heart and thy purpose are indeed
holy. The treasures thou desirest to be in-
formed about are buried to the depth of sev-
eral feet at the very South point of the island
situated in the river, nearly opposite to the
town of G—. Though blood was shed
to obtain that gold, yet it is a pious thought
that it should be used to purify mankind.
Let arrangements be made this very night
to procure the treasures. It must needs be
done in the dark, and it will require the la-
bor of two nights to be possessed of it.'

As had been ordered, arrangements were
immediately made for the commencement
of the digging. Dorrell pointed out the ex-
act spot, and three men commenced the
labor. After penetrating about six feet they
were ordered to desist, and receive their in-
structions for the succeeding night. They
must then continue their work as they had
thus far proceeded. They were warned
against fearful sights, and by no means to
speak after they had commenced their la-
bor, for it was evident they were near the
money, and a word spoken within hearing

would cause it to vanish immediately. The
guard that had been set to it would never
permit it to be taken from its place if it could
help it.

On the succeeding night Dorrell did not
accompany the diggers, but as they had been
instructed they proceeded. They had work-
ed hardly half an hour ere they discovered
signs of a speedy termination of their labor.
One of the workmen had struck his bar
against an iron box. All their exertions
were directed to that point. The digging
was easier, and but a few moments elapsed
before the grating of their shovels was heard
on the chest. Elated with success, one of
the men seized a bar and drove it furiously
against the box, and exclaimed as he raised
it a little from its lid, 'Grasp it! Ere the
sound of his voice had died away, the ground
quaked beneath, and with a report like thun-
der, the treasure vanished forever, throwing
stones and dust in the air, filling it with
smoke and a smell like gunpowder. One
of the most forward of the workmen with
his explosion was summoned to eternity. The
survivors fled, but on their return nothing
was to be found but the mangled corpse of
their comrade and their implements of labor,
with a large rusty knife, which appeared to
have been thrown from the hole at the time
of the explosion.

The circumstances of this adventure, at-
tested by all the eye witnesses, augmented
the fame of Dorrell not a little. He had in-
deed told correct respecting the money, for it
had been seen to depart with the voice of
thunder. The money was lost, to be sure,
but the murderer's knife had been found,
which fully proved that Kidd had been there.
Thus was Dorrell's ministry and
gift of prophecy established beyond a doubt.

Years passed on. Dorrell had ceased to
attract that attention which he had formerly
done. But his society had become a large
one, and were in thriving circumstances.
Bolton had long been their treasurer, and
with their combined exertions, and the prop-
erty that had been put in as common stock,
now made a sum of many thousand dollars,
which of course was deposited in the treas-
urer's hands.

Such was the situation of affairs, when
one Sabbath, while Dorrell was in his dis-
course, a stranger was seen to enter and
place himself near the preacher. Dorrell
continued his discourse, and, as was common
for him, addressed some words to the stran-
ger personally. Before he closed, he touched
upon his 'gifts,' and repeated the words, 'No
man can hurt my flesh.'

'What's that you say, sir?' exclaimed the
stranger.

'I say no man can hurt my flesh.'

Upon which Dorrell received a blow on
the side of his head which precipitated him
headlong upon the floor. Before aid was
given—for he had taught his followers that
he needed none—the stranger was on him
pounding him most unmercifully with his fist,
and Dorrell exclaiming, 'Enough! enough!'

The stranger, however, made him confess
before his audience that he was an impostor,
and had only played his pranks that he
might see what fools he could make of them.
He of his own accord advised his followers
to go home, return to their former manner
of life, and forget the follies of the past—
And thus ended the existence of the Dorrell-
ites as a body.

It was afterward supposed that the stran-
ger was an acquaintance of Dorrell's, who
had been employed to expose his impostures.
Some of the people in the vicinity of G—
thought they had seen his face before, and
that he must have been one concerned in the
affair of money digging on Kidd's Island.

Bolton was known to be immensely rich
after the explosion of the society; and those
who had been Dorrellites never after saw
what they had put in, or the money they had
helped to collect. They had their land
again, and were content each one to sow
and reap by himself.

The sequel has shown that Dorrell was
as little benefited by the common stock as
any of his followers. Where his plan failed
is only conjecture. Let it be remembered
that there is no honesty among thieves—or
impostors, to make the remark applicable to
the present case. He is now said to be
alive and supported by the town of L—,
one of the most miserable of mankind.

ZENO.

Horrible Effects of Rum.—The following
account of an unfortunate rum affray we are
informed, occurred in Timonah, about two
weeks since. An old man and his wife by
the name of I—, some time previous to
the day of the accident, made a social visit
to a friend of his in the same town on the
edge of Danby, by the name of S—. It
seems that they had rum over which they
had a jollification. Before they separated it
was agreed that S. and his wife should re-
turn the visit. The time came and all were
punctual to the appointment. At a late hour
at night, they all finally consented to retire
to their beds. It is supposed that L. after
sleeping a short time, and getting partially
over the stupefying effects of the liquor, be-
came thirsty and got up for the purpose of
getting more. But instead of going to the
cupboard where the poison was, he opened
the cellar door, and fell down. His wife
hearing him fall and the groans which fol-
lowed, got up to go to his assistance. She
also, when she came to the top of the stairs,
lost the centre of gravity, and fell headlong
down the stairs after him. Here they both
remained unable to help themselves and al-
most senseless, until morning, when they
were found by S. who with the help of his
wife succeeded in getting them up and into
a bed. I. was much bruised about the head
and shoulders, weighing about two hundred,
but will probably recover. His wife falling
against the cellar wall, had her head and
face so much bruised and mangled that her
life is despaired of.—Castleton paper.